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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
VOLUME II
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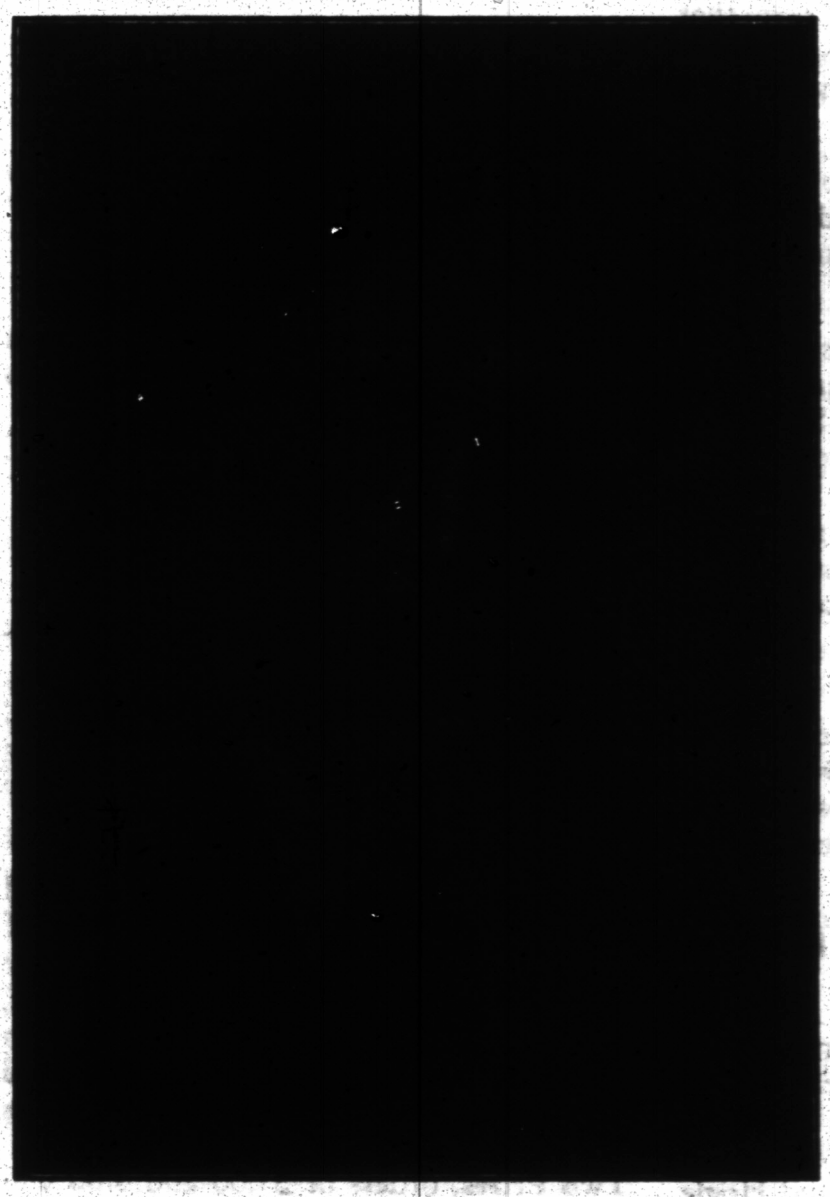
APRIL, 24, 1929 FIVE CENTS

BUHLIG



THE CONTINUITY OF THE IDEA IN THREE CENTURIES OF MUSIC

This is the superb subject upon which Richard Buhlig, pianist of high distinction, bases his discussion in the lecture-recital to be given on the third of May at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, under auspices of the Carmel Music Society.

To illustrate this he is to play the mighty sonata opus 110 of Beethoven, a Bach partita in C minor; four preludes of Debussy, and of Scriabine five; compositions of Bartok and Hindemith; and a remarkable young sonatine of Chavez.

It is a feast of peculiar splendor which the Music Society has set for Carmel.

ANTI-FASCISM AND A CARMELITE LUNCHEON

An exile from Italy because of his opposition to Mussolini and fascism, Professor Gaetano Salvemini, formerly of the department of History in the University of Florence, will speak in Carmel on Saturday of this week at the April Carmelite luncheon. This is the third in a series of luncheons at which distinguished speakers have presented provocative lectures.

Professor Salvemini is internationally known as a critic and opponent of Mussolini and has been imprisoned in Italy for his views and activities. He has lectured at the universities of Edinburgh, Oxford, Cornell, and before many liberal and revolutionary groups. In San Francisco he has recently addressed The League of Women Voters at the St. Francis Hotel, the Central Labor Council, and a public mass meeting. In Los Angeles a cordon of police was detailed to protect a lecture of his, following threats of violence from fascist patriots.

Dr. Salvemini, besides being a figure of world reputation, is a man of tremendous force, vigor, and personal charm, with an apparently inexhaustible fund of wit, dramatic power, and concise information.

The subject of his lecture has not been announced,—but he comes prepared to lecture on Italy Today, Fascist Trade Unionism, The Foreign Policy of Fascism, Mussolini and the Italian Constitution, The Problem of Italian Over-Population, —and many other questions.

The luncheon is at one on Saturday at the Old Cabin Inn on Camino Real. Pon Sing himself will officiate, having prepared the menu. Reservations may be made at the Carmelite office, telephone 717, or through the Old Cabin Inn. Seventy-five cents. Speaking will begin at two, and will be followed by open discussion. The Carmelite invites to the lecture all interested who do not come for luncheon,—that is, to the capacity of the Inn.

The City

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR THE SCHOOL BONDS

Carmel turned down the recent school bonds on the second of April when invited by the School Board to allow $75,000 for future school needs. The difficulty was that the luxury of an adequate auditorium had been added to necessary items. Some individuals,—and particularly Perry Newberry of the Pine Cone,—thought this too much to ask for at present.

Only a trifle daunted, the Sunset School Board now modify their request. They omit the auditorium from the new list, which has been stripped to essentials, and down to $35,000. The growth of the school population brings about an undeniable need for additional classrooms, carpenter shop, and enlargement of the grounds. Citizens of Carmel will scarcely refuse the children these additions. Votes will be cast on May fourteenth.

GEORGE STONE WILL SHOW HIS PICTURES ON THURSDAY EVENING

George E. Stone, whose Visual Education Laboratory has mystified passers by on Dolores Street, is an important man doing a highly valuable piece of work. He is making pictures, moving and otherwise, for educational purposes, and with an educational motive. His work is used in schools and universities, by students, scientists, historians. He will speak in Carmel at Pine Inn next Thursday evening the twenty-fifth under the auspices of the Carmel Woman's Club. All are invited.

Pictures are primarily elemental. For the child or for the adult facing a new situation, pictures will with the greatest

All of this forms the basis of the illustrated lecture which Mr. Stone has been delivering throughout California. He started in San Diego, Los Angeles and Pasadena, swung north to Oakland and Stanford, and now comes to us that we may know something of his plans here in Carmel where he makes his home.

Lantern slides covering a tremendous range of subject matter are presented after which is demonstrated a composite reel of motion pictures including microscopic views of unicellular life, the egg of the sea-urchin fertilized under the microscope, scenes of the life history of the butterfly, the mosquito, the chick. Slow motion of bird flight. Diagrams of radio transmission; the construction of the gasoline engine,—growing plants, opening blossoms, and scenes in color of John Burroughs.

KNOTTY PROBLEMS BEFORE THE CITY COUNCIL

What is the distinction between a tree and a shrub? If the Pacific Gas and Electric Company be awarded a franchise to lay gas pipes and to operate in Carmel, this may become an important question. Councilman Wood, at the meeting of the City Council last week, wished to include in the franchise the condition that if the life of any tree or shrub seemed threatened by the laying of pipe, the work could be stopped by the Superintendent of strets. As our Superintendent of Streets is also our City Judge, a mere graduate of Harvard Law School, he will at this rate have to go in for some heavy botanical study, should this clause be inserted.

Representatives of the Gas Company, present at the meeting, were not sure that the Gas Company could promise to safeguard every shrub in the territory concerned.

Members of the audience who crowded the council chamber also wished to know about the danger to tree-life through leaks in gas pipes about their roots.

It was a long full meeting interspersed by wise-cracks from council members to lighten the burden of work. Some day we shall have an imposing City Hall with central heating,—and have to surrender the fetching picture of Jorn Jordan stoking the little corner wood-stove with bits of newspaper in chivalry to a chilly Council lady.

The latter end of the evening was dedicated to the Zoning Ordinance, which has so far been conscientiously designed to frustrate industrial activity within the town. Even a wholesale grocery would be unpopular here.

The Zoning ordinance is now practically ready to be submitted to the town for public hearing and discussion. This will occur early in May. A hearty number of auditors have followed the recent discussion of the ordinance at council meetings, proferring an occasional question or suggestion from the floor. Mrs. Maud Hogle wished to know, the other night, whether some provision might not be made for the building of separate servants' quarters, in a clause which rules out the building of additional residence facilities on small lots. The council struggled with this manfully; but prevailing opinion was against any surrender of the principle of the single house on a lot.

ORGANIZED PUBLIC OPINION

We hear little of the Committee of Forty. But it is alive. This group of disinterested citizens who do nevertheless care what sort of a town Carmel is and becomes, meets weekly, or fortnightly, or monthly, as the occasion demands, to discuss civic matters. Problems of zoning were actively discussed at its meeting last week.

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

April

Th. 25 **Lecture**—by G. E. Stone, illustrated by moving pictures.. Pine Inn at 8:00. Auspices of the Open Forum of the Woman's Club. Open to all.

Fr. 26 Sa. 27 **Theater Guild Play,**—Tents of the Arabs, by Dunsany. Carmel Playhouse at 8:15. Herbert Heron directing. Tickets .50 .75 $1.00. On sale at Staniford's.

Sa. 27 **carmelite luncheon at the old cabin inn at 1:00. gaetano salvemini, speaker. reservations, .75, of the carmelite, 717, or the old cabin inn.**

May

Fr. 3 **Richard Buhlig**—in piano recital, Theatre of the Golden Bough at 8:30. Auspices of the Carmel Music Society. Tickets on sale at the Seven Arts Press.

Mo. 6 **Imre Weisshaus**—in the first of his series on The Application of Contemporary Music. Residence of the H. F. Dickinsons at the Point.

FLOWER SHOW PRIZES

A generous garden lover has given $25.00 to be spent on Flower Show prizes for amateurs. These will take the form of orders up to the following on any of the professional contributors to the Show:

Three Prizes, orders of $10.00, $5.00, and $2.00 will be awarded to the winners of the Basket Contest, considering beauty of arrangement and beauty of flowers, flowers to have been grown in an amateur garden, baskets to be furnished by the Woman's Club. Entries for this contest must be in by April 30th.

Two Prizes, orders of $5.00 and 3.00 will be awarded for the best rose grown in an amateur garden.

from a linolcum cut by Peter Friedrichsen

A FLAMING PATRIOT SPEAKS

Mr. Ernie O'Malley, ardent Irish extremist and patriot, spoke before an audience at the residence of Mrs. Yvonne Navas-Rey on Sunday night, telling the history of the Irish revolution in the graphic terms of an active participant. The ardors and the sufferings of a people struggling passionately and with a religious fervor for freedom were movingly told.

Mr. O'Malley is a patriot with a child-like passion for his country, in whose cause he was imprisoned, brutally tortured by the English; endured a hunger strike for forty-one days; led three brigades of the Irish army; was elected to Parliament while in prison; and escaped a week before he was to be hanged.

An article by Mr. O'Malley appears on another page of this issue.

THE SCOUT LUNCHEON

The Girl Scouts conducted a food sale and luncheon on Saturday last, with much success, at their new Scout House. The big airy friendly room gave forth laughter and the odor of home-cooked foods. The guests sat at little low tables, and the scouts served. So profitable was the day,—with profits going toward the Scout house expenses,—that a monthly repetition of luncheons is contemplated.

MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY

Two changes have recently occurred in Carmel tea-rooms, the world of lunchers-out. Sally's is no more Sally's. The two Kleinschmidts are now in charge, and are planning, in addition to providing meals which are studies in the artistry of dietetic balance, to put their hand-tooled leathers on sale also.

But this will be only after Anne Nash and Dorothy Bassett have completed the building of their garden shop in the little plot behind Sally's patio. We shall still be able to sit at lunch out in the sun there,—having given our order, dashed across the street to the post office, and slipped back just as the salad is being put on the table,—and look upon the bright plants tended in their pots and bowls by Anne Nash and Dorothy Bassett.

Further down toward the ocean, the Old Cabin Inn has changed hands, and Pon Sing is smilingly in charge. Pon Sing formerly of Lincoln Inn but now on his own. Thursday lunches at the Old Cabin Inn are going to make Thursday popular. Great heaping plates of finely shaven chow mein, symphonic combination of flavors and textures.

And the Monte Verde Apartments, having made a fifty-foot move around the corner, and been transformed from wood to stucco, with Spanish tile into a slate roof, announce Italian dinners.

STATE ARCHITECT OF SCHOOLS ON OUR SITUATION HERE

At a meeting which concerned Carmel people nearly as much as it does Monterey, last Thursday evening at the Monterey High School, Mr. J. H. Hall, state architect of schools, spoke on The Recent School Survey. This survey, now completed, has made a study of the conditions of the local school district, accurately estimated its needs, and is ready with its recommendations. It is a professional study, made under the direction of Dr. Almack of the Department of Education at Stanford, of a situation which has formerly been met chiefly by guess-work.

Such a survey is a highly-standardized affair, conducted by way of questionaires, measurements of buildings and their facilities, and their statistical tabulation with relation to pupil population.

In the Monterey school district studied, there are some sixteen different school boards, each with jurisdiction over its separate school,—and standards vary enormously from school to school. One of these, said Mr. Hall, is housed in a building unfit for human habitation. Another is very good indeed. In some parts of the district fifty per cent of the children are mentally retarded.

Very few schools in the Monterey district have an adequate site. One at Oak Grove has almost no playground whatever. Another is set in a damp boggy place in which the children's feet are constantly wet. (He did not mention the matter of the Sunset School First Grade Room, into which on stormy days the water unavoidably runs, three making a three-or-four-foot doorway puddle.)

Putting it gently, Mr. Hall said that the Monterey school district was not the worst of all the districts he has studied.

There are a number of one-room country schools,—such as the little one at Point Lobos, our nearest neighbor. The rural district tends generally to become a political unit. The smaller districts find themselves in difficulties when it comes to the matter of a high school. Mr. Hall strongly supports the idea of consolidation of districts for high school purposes. "The forty-pupil high school," he said, "does not, and can not, do good work. It cannot deliver." This, because a high school, to be a really professional class, needs many teachers of diversified ability. In the early days, California was so eager to have high schools, that it tried to initiate many of them on almost any terms,—non-professional standards, with teachers inadequately prepared. We are still suffering from this early situation.

Mr. Hall did not, however, present the full results of the survey. This lecture was merely a preliminary, a prelude, to the larger presentation which will occur in May, and which is of such importance, with recommendations so far-reaching, that a mass-meeting will be called for the hearing.

Personal Bits . . .

Riding down on his horse from Palo Alto, Dr. August C. Mahr of Stanford University came down in three days last week to Carmel. He is here on leave of absence from the university faculty for the semester, and is the guest of Fritz Wurzman.

DEPARTURE

For twenty-five years old Sam has been a patient and faithful keeper of the gate at the toll entrance to the Seventeen-Mile Drive. Fiercely adamant as he can be concerning the little matter of the toll to be collected, he has had an almost unvaryingly friendly smile for all as they went on. A lift of the hand and a smile, the pattern of passage through the gate. We've all come to look for this welcome, and to return it in kind, a part of the pleasure of a beautiful drive.

The other day a member of the company stopped by at Sam's gate. "Well, Sam, can you make arrangements to leave by the end of the month? We've made other plans."

On April thirtieth therefore Sam, aged eighty-three, and his wife, will move their belongings from the little cottage they have inhabited for so long beside the toll gate, and the new incumbent will move in.

"But surely there's a pension, Sam?" we inquired, "after all these years."

"No pension," said Sam.

So that's that.

ANTICIPATING DEATH PLEASANTLY

The will of Mrs. Grace Velie Harris, giver to Carmel of many gifts, including the Harris Metabolic Clinic, will be probated in Los Angeles on April thirtieth. The possessor of several millions, Mrs. Harris was for a long time under the imminence of death,—a fact which caused her to make her will with some care. It is already known that several institutions of the region, as well as individuals, are legatees; and the official disclosure of these facts is awaited with some interest.

(The pleasure of giving, of anticipating the joyous commotion of deserving recipients, mitigating the unpleasantness of impending death.)

AWARENESS IN THE GENERATION OF THE FUTURE

From New York a telegram . . . Orage wires "Mrs. Orage and son doing well."

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RICHARD BUHLIG

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The Theater

THE DOVER ROAD
THE WAY TO REPENTANCE

"The Dover Road" is an amusing if unimportant play. Cyril Delevanti, directing it last week at the Carmel Playhouse, and taking the leading part also, made of it a bubbling whimsical thing. A. A. Milne, the author of the play, is a master of nonsense,—although not quite so completely of balanced structure,—and the evening twinkled with wit. A relaxed and chuckling audience brought fuel to the fire.

Added to its enjoyment of good acting, the audience had the fun of observing two Carmel favorites, Stanton Babcock and Jadwiga Noskowiak, recently married, playing opposite one another parts of domestic discord,—the lover with a heavy cold of one of the less attractive varieties; the beloved in a state of nerves. Tommi Thomson was a masterpiece of irritating wifeliness.

The play as a whole was performed in caricature,—all the parts overdone, shall we say, to a nicety,—as is proper in a play in which everything is either impossible or improbable.

Behind the charm of Mr. Milne's scintillating conversational style one might almost suspect a mild misogyny. The only way his characters manage to live happily ever after is by going off, each by himself, and repenting of their marriage intentions,—for the time being at least.

Several members of the cast were new to Carmel audiences. Dick Collins, Charley Frost, Katherine Weed, Will Claywell, —the latter playing aptly the part of the bored and disillusioned lover. True English speech is of course still lacking from the Carmel stage,—Mr. Delevanti alone, in his crisp, clipped, and cleancut speech, reminding us that, at least as far as the dictionary and the use of vowels, diphthongs, and consonants are concerned, Britain still rules the waves.

THE THEATER GUILD PRESENTS ITS SPRING PLAY

Strindberg was a mad genius. His work is largely autobiographical, and the cerebral condition of his novels and plays reflect the cerebral condition of the man. His childhood was bitter, his university days marked by poverty.

He was born at Stockholm in 1849. A strange mixture of piety and rebelliousness, of acceptance and denial of authority, he early met misfortune. The year 1870 ushered in his career as a writer. He was the champion of the one-

act play, but wrote many others, of varying length.

Simoom, which will be presented at the Carmel Playhouse by the Theater Guild on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week, is one of his most famous. It has been played all over the world, especially in the great European theaters.

Strindberg left much material by which his measure may be taken. He was unhappy, violently assertive. His very features—handsome and individualistic—suggested the inconsequent brilliancy of the man, his inner restlessness. The realistic shock of many of his plays raised violent and continual protest. Yet when he died, in 1912, there was nation-wide grief over the passing of so great a genius.

His life-work is essentially moral in its nature; his nature was essentially Christian. However splenetic and arrogant his mood, however jaundiced and macabre his tone, we nevertheless recognize in him a supreme artist, a moral force in the universe, seeking the ultimate redemption of the human soul.

Simoom will open the double bill to be given by the Theater Guild. It is a swift tragedy of the desert, showing the withering effect of a woman's hate, like the bitter burning storm of the sand-wastes, and the wild abandon of her love.

The Search Duo will play in the intermission, and Viola Worden will dance an original dance composition to music from Tchaikowsky's Scheherezade.

Lord Dunsany's great poetic drama, The Tents of the Arabs, will follow, offering a strong contrast to the opening play. A work of superlative beauty, combined with rich comedy, it shows the freedom and wonder to be found in love in the same desert which can be so destructive to those not attuned to it.

Herbert Heron is producing the plays for the Guild, with Robert Scott directing. Those bearing the brunt of the acting are Raymond Carey, Annchen von Gaal, Clay Otto, Sonia Noskowiak, Eugene Watson, Herbert Heron, John Flauner and Robert Scott. A number of others carry minor parts, some twenty-five people in all making a rich and colorful production. Vivid costumes are being made by Helena Heron; the lighting and the settings are in charge of Kelly Clark.

The Guild is making an experiment in its scale of prices. It is hoped that reserved seats at fifty cents, seventy-five cents and one dollar will bring in a larger attendance and therefore as much money as a smaller attendance at higher prices. The Guild would far rather play to full houses at a dollar for the best seats, than to smaller houses at a higher seat-price.

ASSISTED BY MILITARY BAND

The orchestral trimming to "The Dover Road" this week deserves a special article all to itself. Provided as it was by the brass band of the Del Monte Military Academy in blue and braid-trimmed uniforms, the players picturesquely curled up within their gigantic brasses, it supplied something between astonishment and unmitigated entertainment to its hearers.

The band represented a notable degree of individualism among the players. Each, apparently, chose his favorite key and played therein, or approximately therein, without let or hindrance from the others. The outlines of modern jazz rhythms were vaguely recognizable throughout the whole amid a remarkable concatenation of tonal intervals (with emphasis upon the 'cat') including third-steps, seventh-steps; and something varying from a thirty-ninth to a forty-first-step interval.

The audience vigorously applauded each effort. The orchestra, without waiting even to mop themselves or to cool off thereupon solemnly repeating the dose.

A TREASURE HOUSE

With so many bad 'gift' and 'art' shops in the world, it is good to come upon one like that of Major and Mrs. Hairs, on Ocean Avenue in Carmel. The name over the doorway is Merle's Treasure Chest,—and the chest is indeed overflowing.

Major Hairs makes his own sallies every year to the Orient and to further corners of the world,—and in these forgotten, or still unknown, crannies of ancient cultures he picks up objects of strange and unfamiliar beauty,—an incense set from a Thibetan Monastery, hammered out of whole chunks of copper, with gold laid heavily thereon, and the perfume of the incense still clinging. A blue Chinese robe, possessed and worn by an emperor of China in the days of Gordon. A high cabinet, a mosaic of inlaid woods and colors, from the Holy Land, remnant of the old Jewish culture.

In these crowding records of ancient primitive skills, the passion for beauty and the passion for workmanship are blent. To enter these rooms is to come into the presence of centuries of human intensity. Italy, France, Japan,—the cultures jostle here, — the perfumes strangely mingled.

In addition to these products of a past in which time was a limitless infinity of leisure, the Treasure Chest spills over many modern jewels, precious and semi-precious,—but all beautifully chosen. Of the jades especially there is temptation to write,—and most especially of the grape-leaf carved in jade, with its delicate veining interrupted by a full cluster.

The hand delights to hold so fine a bit.

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—So writes JAMES D. PHELAN, ex-Senator of the United States, in the April issue of
The San Franciscan.

Other outstanding contributors to the current issue include

Peter B. Kyne

Charles Caldwell Dobie

Elva Williams

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Music . . . .

weisshaus in discussion

the peninsula has recently been hearing a great deal about modern music. it has also heard several modern musicians. excitement and interest and controversy have been stirred as to the meaning of it all. to some, modern music seems nothing but a pounding on the long suffering piano, and even if there be something in the compositions of bartok, kodaly, schoenberg and stravinsky, something important in the dissonant harmonies that so disturb our ear, we are too late to understand or appreciate them and why should we bother?

the same was said about cubism and impressionism, about modern writing, photography, and architecture and all the other arts, when they first took a more modern swing. one would have missed much if one had complacently said, "i do not understand it, and so i shan't bother."

any modern art has to be studied and re-studied, read, heard, looked at over and over, before it can be understood or appreciated. but it is just as much worth while to be up-to-date in one's attitude towards morals, the younger generation, or the position of modern woman. a person who proudly states that he does not care for modern music, is on the same level with him who reiterates today that "woman's place is in the home."

but of course nothing can be understood, until it has been experienced many times. **new music must be heard and heard again,** until the old harmonies have ceased to hum in the ear.

carmel is to have the benefit of such a training. the hungarian, **imre weisshaus,** in the forefront of contemporary composer-musicians, pupil of bela bartok, is to give a course in the appreciation of contemporary music in carmel during may. he will not lecture, because it is impossible to understand music by intellectual explanation. he will play and repeat and play again works of modern composers, and there will be a time for discussion and questions. anyone who wants to keep up with his times will get the opportunity of hearing and discussing modernism expressed in music.

the class will be held at the residence of mrs. h. f. dickinson at carmel point on monday and thursday evenings at 8:30, starting monday may 6th. there will be six study evenings in the course. all information can be had from mrs. h. f. dickinson, carmel 87-r, or mrs. lincoln steffens, carmel 433.

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A VIVACIOUS RECITAL

It was altogether agreed, by the audience last Saturday night at the recital by Consuelo Cloos in the Greene studio, that the thing had been charming. Never had a Carmel audience heard her sing so well. The development of this voice, and of this singer's control over it, in the last year, is astonishing. Where the hearer formerly felt the placing of tones as conscious and effortful,—each tone laid down, one felt, with the most exquisite care,—the voice now soars. Miss Cloos is at her best when her song has wide emotional range,—when her song is one of lyric love, joy or despair.

But in such a gown who could help singing? Billowing white ruffles of a bridal gown of olden time; an exquisitely set head rising from it in an enchanting silver peruque. Later, the scarlet satin holiday frock of a Russian girl; and for the folk-songs, an embroidered gypsy costume. Added to this outer glitter, the sparkle of Miss Cloos' own personality,—limpid as dew. In Miss Cloos Carmel has seen a tentative and even timid student turn into a confident singer.

Miss Cloos was accompanied in several songs by music of the viola, played by Frederick MacMurray, who also played compositions of his own in which his triple-stopping had free play.

HAROLD GRIFFIN

On Tuesday evening of last week Harold Griffin, pianist, played at the studio of Laura Dierssen a program of weighty proportions.

Beginning with the mighty Chaconne of Bach, he continued on into major works of Schumann and Chopin, coming to rest in the quieter Reflets dans l'Eau of Debussy.

Griffin is a young pianist of rich promise. His musicianship has feeling, breadth, vitality. He is above all lyric, working with tone for beauty's sake,—a big easy tone. Yes, a gifted youth,—with hands which span vast stretches easily; a physique with which to meet confidently the demands which the piano makes; and something too of personal radiance.

Mr. Griffin's work has not yet achieved that final finish and maturity of which he is obviously capable. But if at twenty-two he can play his instrument with so much bigness and sweep, it is safe to believe much of his future. His playing already gives very great pleasure.

* * * *

Mr. Griffin will give several recitals in Carmel to intimate groups of listeners; and it is to be hoped that he will be heard in the larger more official sort of recital also. Certainly the breadth and richness of his tone deserve a big hall, in which the resonances do not come crowding back too quickly, and in which an audience can hear in greater musical perspective.

The Pacific Coast

DOWN THE COAST— MORRO BAY

As you drive down the coast of California southward, a road turns from San Luis Obispo toward the sea. This is where the Big Sur Coast Road begins, and along which, five or six years from now, we shall be driving,—one of the most dramatically beautiful highways in the world.

Near by the road turns toward a region whose landscape is again unlike any other part of the coast. This is Morro Bay. There is a small, ordinary, town here, and also the beginning of still another town which, if it is well planned and carried out, may become another Pebble Beach for the luxurious enjoyment of California coastal beauty.

Morro is a small bay whose shallow waters frame a granite mountain called Morro Rock. This rises up startlingly from the smooth silver surface. The region beyond is unusual. One could almost believe it a part of upper river lands of Wisconsin, where the ducks fly up from the reeds and the underbrush. It is, in fact, a pocket dear to duck-hunters.

The distant shoreline is edged in the other direction with the mountain ranges which lie behind the Big Sur; but on the southern edge is a flat wide river delta whose contouration at lowtide is interesting. There are golf links here, as at Pebble Beach, overlooking the beauty of this bay. They have even been cleverly designed to surround the residence portion almost completely. If you build upon the brow of one of these slopes, your west window will look out upon the sea and Morro Rock; the east peer over into the sudden quiet rural valley, a little white farm in the distance.

The whole landscape has great variety and richness,—quietness and strength both. It is a place of promise. It is still unspoiled. The approaching road running for several miles through a valley which gives it all a sense of remoteness. The highway, endless belt of passage between the north and the south, forgotten.

Some day this will be a populated town. It has potentialities equal to those of the Monterey Peninsula. Our best wishes for it include the hope that it will be populated by people of imagination, who will know how to harmonize their presence with the already present beauty of the existing landscape.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

SKYLINE MORALE

We live on hill slopes in Carmel, and our western views,—not to mention the north, and east,—are dear to us. How does a man feel when the plans for his new house obstruct the view of his neighbor, and she cherishing that view supremely? She has hoped against hope, as the first workmen came to clear the lot, that it would be a one-storey house, leaving her upper windows sky-and-ocean-free.

But no. Now as it looms up into the second storey her hopes sink basement-low. Her scrap of the ocean is going to disappear, she sees plainly, behind a wall of white plaster topped by Spanish tile.

Shall she appeal to her neighbor? Perhaps she does, and he listens in stony-hearted silence. You can almost hear the crackle of her heart fracturing.

It is a delicate question. One cannot make laws about it.

But there can at least be a morale of consideration. And such consideration links well with an attitude few of us have so far developed,—a feeling for the landscape as a whole, for house-grouping into an architectural organization of design. The individualism of America is strikingly illustrated by the separateness, the un-inter-relatedness, of its houses. If each new residence plan in Carmel were made with a preliminary consideration, social as well as architectural, of its neighbors,—we should soon develop a landscape in which the additions made by man were, instead of a mere spotting up of the landscape, or organic and friendly addition.

Correspondence

Mayfield, California

April 13, 1929

Editor The Carmelite:

I am writing a life of my kinsman Samuel L. Clemens. If any readers of the "Carmelite" have information pertaining to Mark Twain, will they please communicate with me?
Cyril Clemens.

APPROVAL OF OUR ZONING ORDINANCE

Los Angeles
April 23, 1929

. . . I have read the zoning ordinance and I feel that it will hold water. . .

Carol Aronovici
City Planner.

AN IRISH PATRIOT SPEAKS

by E. O'Malley

(The writer of the following article is now in the United States for a short visit preparatory to the initiation by Irish patriots of a new daily newspaper in Dublin. He has lived the violent life of young revolutionists and suffered much, joyously. In his quieter moments he directs the work of the Department of Drama at Dublin University—Editor.)

Ireland wants a complete independence; yet when one interprets such belief in terms of thought or of action, one is immediately placed on the defensive. To the world we have to explain why we wish to be free. . . Why? . . . Has aspiration for human liberty become so abstruse that it needs to be interpreted? Have fundamental truths changed from generation to generation? Can America in 1929 appreciate the spirit of the men of 1775; and can it sense this spirit in other peoples struggling for liberty?

Generation after generation in Ireland has gone down fighting British Imperialism; and so worn have our people become, struggling with the small means at their disposal, that the national resistance has weakened. At times a passionate surge of feeling, more than lyrical in its intensity, has taken possession of us. We ourselves cannot explain this feeling, any more than can the artist, the lover, or the religious man. Only we know that life becomes more intense, that our values readjust themselves so that individuals seek expression in terms of action.

We believe in a free Ireland,—free intellectually, spiritually, economically. We believe in the ability of our own people to work out their destiny in their own way. Our energies have concentrated, in combatting Imperialism in its many forms; and as a result, spiritual forces have been diverted, so that we have not developed in the arts.

Life is development and growth; and nationally we must obey this law. Ireland is an example of arrested development. Imperial forces and tendencies have diverted us into channels which are superficially progressive; in essence they are not. We have been swept into branch streams against our will.

Growth must take place along the lines of our own spiritual concepts. We must assimilate in terms of ourselves, not in terms of England or of any foreign power. Our expression must be our own, not that of our neighbor. Ireland unfree will never be at peace; yet a free Ireland would mean a friendly Ireland.

Ours is a rich soil capable of supporting at least three times our present population. We do not need to expand at the expense of other nations. We ask only that fundamental principles be not ignored, and that high-sounding phrases of justice and of liberty be applied to our nation.

OUR WASHINGTONIAN HIERARCHIES

Quaint are the customs of kings.

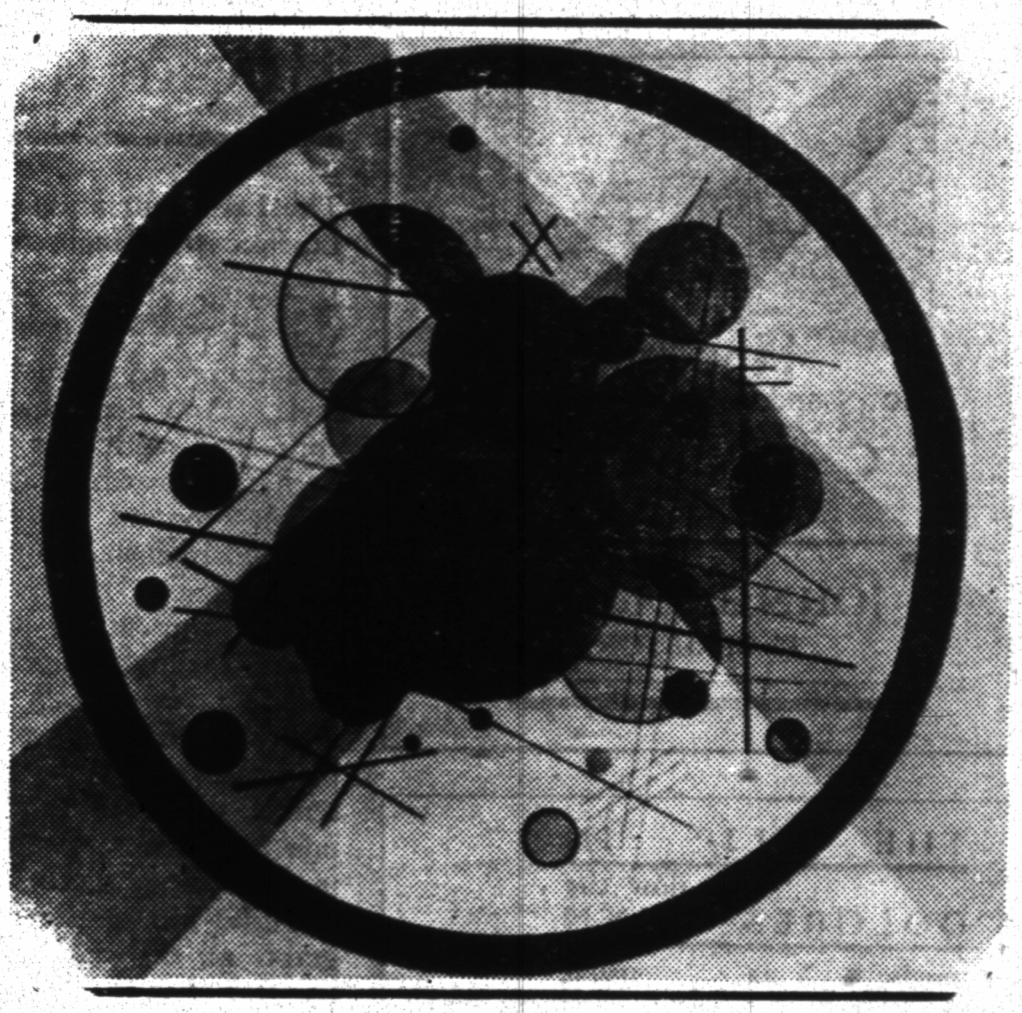
The solemn pomp of court ceremonies provoke us to amusement, when we hear of their survival in other lands. But now the question of who shall sit above, and who below, the salt in our own Washington society is causing a revolution in social and diplomatic circles.

May a Vice President of the Republic, if he be unmarried, substitute his sister socially for a wife? And if not why not?

We take these little questions of ritual seriously after all in our democracy.

It is interesting to know that citizens of the United States pay a part of their taxes for the maintenance of a committee in Washington to decide these delicate questions.

"CIRCLES WITHIN CIRCLES"



BY WASSILY KANDINSKY

VIEWS ON KANDINSKY BY A MEMBER OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

by C. D.

The San Francisco-Oakland controversy over the work of Wassily Kandinsky, now on view at the Oakland Art Gallery, has inspired newspaper critics to remarks about 'eye-test charts,' 'debunking,' 'astronomical charts,' 'kindergarten exercises,' etc.

Kandinsky is perhaps an experimenter, but experimentation is a vital necessity for development. The artist who does not experiment ceases to express himself as he is and begins to express himself as he was. Without experimentation there is no life and growth, no movement. It is a form of research that must be controlled by discipline and guided by a desire for truth. It is not curiosity, but an inner necessity which prompts this search for a means of personal expression.

Paintings in the modern sense are not 'pictures.' They are inner experiences brought to light. Such paintings are too purely a personal expression of moods to be easily understood. This narrows down the appreciative audience to only the few who are sensitive to the experiences of others.

Abstract expression forms what is to many an unintelligible language, but because we cannot analyze it now does not mean that it will not bring about a new understanding that will result in greater vision and growth. We have had paintings of the beauty seen by the soul of man, but the new expression is an attempt to paint beauty created by the soul of man. Such art cannot be solved. It must be sensed. Because we cannot explain it immediately, we might do well to observe without feeling, until we are sure whether or not it holds something for us.

Poems . . .

THE QUARREL

By Conrad Aiken

Suddenly, after the quarrel, while we waited,
Disheartened, silent, with downcast looks, nor stirred
Eyelid nor finger, hopeless both, yet hoping
Against all hope to unsay the sundering word:

While the room's stillness deepened, deepened about us,
And each of us crept his thought's way to discover
How, with as little sound as the fall of a leaf,
The shadow had fallen, and lover quarrelled with lover;

And while, in the quiet, I marvelled—alas, alas—
At your deep beauty, your tragic beauty, torn
As the pale flower is torn by the wanton sparrow—
This beauty, pitied and loved, and now forsworn;

It was then, when the instant darkened to its darkest,—
When faith was lost with hope, and the rain conspired
To strike its gray arpeggios against our heart-strings,—
When love no longer dared, and scarcely desired:

It was then that suddenly, in the neighbor's room,
The music started: that brave quartette of strings
Breaking out of the stillness, as out of our stillness,
Like the indomitable heart of life that sings

When all is lost; and startled from our sorrow,
Tranced from our grief by that diviner grief,
We raised remembering eyes, each looked at other,
Blinded with tears of joy; and another leaf

Fell silently as that first; and in the instant
The shadow had gone, our quarrel became absurd;
And we rose, to the angelic voices of the music,
And I touched your hand, and we kissed, without a word.

—courtesy of the Saturday Review of Literature.

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Books . . .

The Last September, by Elizabeth Bowen. Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press, 1929.

In her novel "The Hotel" published last year, Elizabeth Bowen proved herself something of a mistress of subtlety in style. And here again we have a novel concerned with the nuances within the exchange of words among people. The visible content of these conversations among English country house folk is nothing; it is the emptiest. The actual psychic content by implication, and conveyed through undercurrents of understanding, is enough to make a novel. There is enormous plot, though nothing happens, except that a few people play tennis, or watch the others play. Some one is accidentally and unexcitingly shot in a war between the Irish and the English; and in the next-to-the-last paragraph of the book, the author conveys the fact that the country house in whose gardens the recorded conversations have taken place, has been burnt down.

Nothing happens; yet while young Lois sits up in her room sorting over her letters; or Marda talks casually while polishing her nails, there is the undercurrent of a strong unuttered excitement, the sheer excitement of being alive perhaps.

Meanwhile, her characters continuing outwardly to do nothing, the author is obviously enjoying the fun of good writing.

"Mrs. Montmorency and Lawrence were in the drawing-room. They looked anxious, nothing showed the trend of their conversation. The pale room rose to a height only mirrors followed above the level of occupation; this disproportionate zone of emptiness dwarfed at all times figures and furniture. The distant ceiling imposed on consciousness its blank white oblong, and a pellucid silence, distilled from a hundred and fifty years of society, waited under the ceiling. Into this silence voices went up in stately attenuation."

What is the book about? It is, we venture, concerned with the inarticulateness of human beings who feel more than they can utter. —p. g. s.

BOOK WAR

Here is another interesting war raging. Between the Booksellers Association and the Book Clubs. The Booksellers Association, with one eye on the cash register, is registering indignation that the public should be so altogether deprived of the exercise of its critical faculty that its reading is sent out already packaged, like cereal, in a machine process. The whole nation reading the same twelve books. Not only that, but expensive circulars recently sent out by an individual formerly connected with a leading Book Club, imply that there is buying and selling involved in the choices of books.

The book club thereupon sends out another expensive circular denying this, and asking whether it is credible that judges of the caliber of Henry Seidel Canby and Christopher Morley, or any of its others, would care to associate with concerns misbehaving in this wise. The circular moreover points out that members of book clubs are free to substitute other books for those on the chosen list, and that some thirty thousand a year avail themselves of this prerogative.

The issue is an interesting one. The logic of standardization is always so complete and insurmountable. It belongs to the machine age,—and by it we shall become more and more alike,—our minds working more and more in the same channels,—the moving picture, the radio, the book club list. One ultimate mass of homogenous de-individualized humanity.

A COMMENT BUT NOT A CRITICISM

The conversation turned to "Strange Interlude," that curious and introspective play by Eugene O'Neill which in the capable hands of the New York Theatre Guild, has just experienced so successful a run in Los Angeles; and a discussion followed.

Curiously intangible; difficult of analysis; uncommonly detailed, and yet vague and evasive, it grips one's imagination and invites reflection.

A long play—one goes early in the afternoon when the streets are still crowded with late shoppers and office people. One comes out at seven (for an intermission of an hour) and then returns for the last acts which are concluded at the conventional hour. Yet, in spite of the long time required for the action, the play moves swiftly and with great smoothness. There is little delay between acts. The curtain rises abruptly—unannounced; with smart precision. No dimming of the lights—no music. Suddenly we are in darkness and only on the lighted stage is there focus for our attention as the play moves relentlessly to disclose, in fullest detail, the involved lives of the characters.

Not only actions but the innermost thoughts are freely expressed so that both the mental process and its spoken counterfeit meet our scrutiny. One soon accepts the elaborate convention.

The play deals with the various and conflicting needs of a woman during the many biological and emotional changes which occur in her life.

The heroine is a girl who has experienced great love in her early life. A life directed toward a splendid young hero who becomes magnified in her impressionable

mind into all that is glorious in youth and daring and satisfies her every emotional desire. Only they were never to be mated, for he is shot down, in a flaming plane, shortly before the Armistice. With his death, something has passed out of life which no new love or succession of loves has ever replaced; and which has colored each new relationship so that the experience is to her vicarious, as though she met her lover but in different forms.

She feels cheated. She resents the fact that her father has appealed to the honor of the young soldier that he delay their marriage until after the hazard of the war. In her resentment the attemps to give, to other wounded soldiers, the love which they too crave—and in gratifying their need, satisfy herself and her dead lover. There is violent reaction at the lack of satisfaction. Her instinct, basically maternal, has hurt without bringing comfort.

She marries one of the boys—devoted but crude. His success in business depends upon the gratification of a strong paternal instinct. He demands a son to admire and emulate him. But his wife learns that a taint of insanity clouds the male line and—rather than inflict more misery—the doctor intervenes. The husband, not knowing the details, feels robbed of something vital in his life—his work fails. Without paternity to focus his home life and reflect his ego, he cannot succeed in business.

The wife invites the doctor to a revolutionary experiment. A son by the doctor, to be raised as the son of the legal husband without his knowledge. "Animalcules—cultures in test tubes—guinea pigs in the laboratory — Why not humans?"

In the end, with the fierce fires of sex desire burned out, she settles down, in the quiet afterglow of life, to marry Charlie who has known her since a child. As faithful as a watch dog, so consistent and so sure he has aroused no emotion in her. "Charlie—dear old Charlie. Nice Doggie—Lie Down." Only when the wild turmoil of her sex craving has passed does Charlie become possible as a companion. So thus, in a quiet garden, in the Autumnn of the year, the old lady and the mellowed bachelor are left together in the calm which is like peace after storm. All the hectic life of sex has been as a strange interlude in a final spiritual recognition.

"The sulfurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie ddeep neath a silence pure and smooth
Like burned out craters, healed with snow."

* * * *

And then it was "The Front Page" and "!****&22" !!!!! that is something else again. The play opens quietly enough. The littered cluttered room in the Hall of Justice where the reporters keep their vigil to report the hanging of a murderer. "The condemned man ate a hearty supper —soup—spinach—chop" (This over the telephone) "What's that? What kind of pie? I didn't find out. Hold up the story and I will ring you later." Quiet action around the table. Poker game in progress. Then the fireworks start.

In rushes the hero with suitcase and overcoat ready to leave by train. General goodbyes. He is going to quit the newspaper game forever. No home life; no future; no money; always broke. (Over the telephone) "You big blue faced babboon I wouldn't keep your job if if you brought it to me on your hands and knees etc. etc. And that, Boys," (hanging up the receiver) "is telling the boss where to head in. I'm through. I'm quitting for good. I've got three tickets and I'm heading for New York in ten minutes with a taxi waiting down stairs now. Three tickets on a honeymoon? Well there is one for me and one for my girl and one for her blank blank Ma."

Thereafter the day is one series of explosions. Upset an apple cart. Run over a traffic cop's toe. Watch a fat man break a golf club and record the remarks. Think of all the parrot language. Every oath that was ever sworn in modern situations and you will hear them with frills on if you sit through "The Front Page."

Yet it is not a vicious play, and the censors have no need to function.

"The Front Page" is one of the reallest plays I ever saw. Not a pretty play. Not pretty action and certainly not pretty speech, but real as I have found men in my experience,—railroad men, sailors, soldiers and the like. —g. e. s.

TO AN OLD SCOTCH TERRIER

You old Scotch terrier with curly black hair,
Your image follows me everywhere.

Your little bow-legs are much too short,
To give your belly a fair support.

The main trouble is: your front feet are
From those in the rear away too far,

Your stomach is amply too long and fat,
And your spine too weak to make up for that.

Why should you keep up your nose in the air,
While everything else drags everywhere?

You nourish a grudge within your breast,
'Gainst Mother Nature who did her best,
You do not know that your disgrace

You owe to humans who bred your race.

You know not that Mankind is progressing
And that your ignorance is your blessing.
—August C. Mahr.

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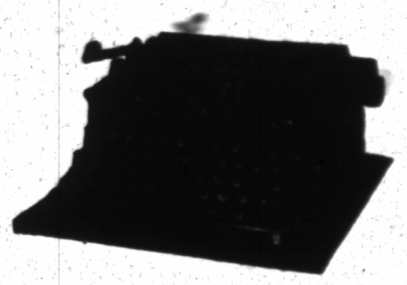
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ANIMAL SACRIFICES IN THE AMBER CITY

In Jaipur I heard that there was to be some religious ceremony with sacrifices in the Amber City at midnight. The spot was the old capital of Rajputana with its beautiful palace set up on the side of a barren hill; that was before the new capital was built in the valley, Jaipur.

I left at eleven in a native horse cart, for it was a good hour's drive. The night was glorious, warm with a full moon. The crowd was slowly moving along in any conveyance at hand, making a very bizarre picture. Ox carts, horse back, squeaking wagons, camels, everything that could carry a load and in every case loaded way beyond capacity.

The young Raja had been expected but could not find time to leave his school. So after a little manoeuvering around my driver managed to get us into the royal box. There were two of them, stone pagodas on top of high walls. The other one was occupied by some of the nobility. Every one was very polite to and curious about me. We sat there smoking for some time; then by the stir below we could see that the ceremonies were about to begin.

A huge drum is being beated somewhere in a monotonous way. It gets on your nerves, the persistence of it. That is to attract the attention of the goddess, Siva. A huge lamp is brought in. The crowd gathers in closer to the spot where the sacrifices are to be made. Some soldiers file in and form a circle about a mound of sand. Each one has a long curved sword at his belt. Twenty goats are pulled and pushed into the crowd. Four two-year-old buffalo very scrawny and dirty are also dragged in.

A more rapid beat of the drum announces that all is ready. A goat is pulled forward, held by the head and hind quarters, a flash is lit as a soldier takes a firm stand and with a lightning stroke of his sword severs the neck. There is a murmur of excitement in the crowd. A small temple boy grabs the head and dashes madly to the shrine in the temple, to get the offering there while it still has life, for Siva loves that. Another goat is led out, another soldier takes his place, flares, fewer murmurs, the boy dashes away with the head.

And so it goes till the twenty goats are killed. The people are getting a bit bored and are watching only to see that none of the soldiers miss, for that would be disgraceful.

The buffalo furnish more excitement as they smell the blood and are not as easily managed as the goats. One begins to fight and drags a half dozen of his captors about through the crowd. This is fun; the men shout and laugh. He is quieted and led up to the sand pile. One wonders if that thick neck could be cut with one blow of the saber. It is, but it takes

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some effort on the part of the soldier.

The minute the last beast fell there was a mad dash for the temple. We from our vantage point had time to get in the front row and so not miss anything. The tiny chamber was soon filled to overflowing. A weird music began with primitive string instruments and drums. Some old Nautch girls came in and did a very poor dance. There was little evidence of respect for the diety shown by the dancers or by the crowd. It was more of a childlike curiosity. The music and dancing over, there was a rush for the far end of the shrine where hung a many-colored curtain. This was rapidly drawn and the idol revealed with the animal heads in front of her each one with a tiny flame floating in a dish of oil on its head facing her. She was fat and ugly, carved in a black stone with a very brilliant diamond in the center of her forehead. Sweet smelling flowers almost completely covered her body. It was a weird sight, not a beautiful one by any means. The crowd grew almost mad in the individual's desire to get as near as possible to her and to receive some sacred oil from the priest, whom we could not see. The curtains were as suddenly drawn and all was over. —An American Student.

TAX ON BACH AND BEETHOVEN

When June Wells and Gizi Szanto, the two-piano recitalists, were touring in Rumania last October shortly after the European debut in Budapest, they encountered a novel tax. Rumania is not particularly encouraging to visiting artists in the first place, as a tax of forty per cent is levied on the proceeds of each recital. On this occasion, however, just as the two young women were about to begin their program, the manager of the house stopped them on their way to the stage, demanding an additional tax.

"What is this for?" asked Miss Wells through an interpreter. "We have paid everything required."

"No. I will not allow you to play until you have paid a tax on the compositions of Bach and Beethoven on your program."

"But Bach and Beethoven are dead, and there is no copyright on their works," objected Miss Wells.

"Yes, madame, I know that," was the reply. "This tax is for their heirs."

IN THE OLD DAYS OF CARMEL

Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny had to fight a brush fire blaze for two hours without the aid of the Fire Department, which had not yet returned from the opening day of the trout fishing season.

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Crescents	3	6	333

Baseball is some game! And the interest the peninsula has shown in the Abalone League games proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the public in general appreciates what this league stands for. There isn't a place in the world where you will find just this whole-souled support. More power to the Abalone League!

The Giants won the pennant in this first series, and everybody feels that after all the best team won. The umpires too have faithfully stood by and worked just as hard as any player in the league. Lots of times we may not have agreed with them, but in their judgment they thought they were right and stood by their guns. So let us give credit to Jack Orcutt and Halstead Yates for being real sports and regular fellows for the part they played in a darn tough job.

The surprise team of the League was the Tigers! With all due respect to the Giants and Shamrocks, the Tigers gave them the scare of their lives, and but for a few unfortunate breaks a different story might have been written down in the history of the Abalone League.

Last Sunday's game between the Shamrocks and the Crescents was a hard-fought game,—the Crescents getting the jump on the Shamrocks in the first frame due to errors of judgment by the Shamrocks' left fielder, who missed two easy fly balls and a flock of ground balls that any small school youngster could have stopped.

The Shamrocks in their turn at bat tried manfully to overcome the lead, and the game resolved itself into a pitching duel between Tal Josselyn,—Shamrocks,—and Peg Gottfried,—Crescents. But the Shamrocks never overcame the shock of the first spasm. They were doomed to defeat. Final score:

Crescents	8
Shamrocks	5

Umpires, Staniford and Orcutt

Following the first game, a very interesting one between the Stickers Club of Monterey and the Abalone League was played. The pitching of Don Hale was a feature of the game, and the work of Frenchy Murphy behind the plate. Also the work of Murphy and Frost on the paths.

The outstanding player of the visitors was Charlie Littlefield who made lots of brilliant catches in the center field garden. Final score:

Stickers Club	7
Abalone League	1

Umpires, Schweninger and Staniford.

CONFERENCE OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

The following is the program of the conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, to take place from May second to the fifth, in Los Angeles:

Thursday: Mexico by Mrs. Martha E. Morse
The Phillipines Professor O. W. E. Cook
Japan Dr. Roy Akagi and Mr. Ken Nakazawa

Friday: Labor in the Pacific World Paul Scharrenberg
Immigration and Peace Constantine Panunzio
China Allan A. Hunter and Dr. Wing Mah

Saturday: The Missionary Enterprise and Pacific Peace A. D. Stauffacher

The meetings will be held in the Mount Hollywood Congregational Church. The Fellowship is an interesting combination of church influences and radicalism.

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of SUNSET School District of the County of Monterey, State of California, that in accordance with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California, an election will be held on the 14th day of MAY, 1929, at SUNSET DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE in said District, between the hours of eight o'clock a. m. and eight o'clock p. m., during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open, at which election the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district to the amount of Thirty-five Thousand and No 100 Dollars, for the purpose of raising money for purchasing school lots, for building or purchasing one or more school buildings, for making alterations and additions to any school building or buildings, for insuring school buildings, for supplying school buildings with furniture and necessary apparatus, and for improving the school grounds of said Sunset school District, will be voted upon. Twenty-eight bonds thereunder to be issued and sold shall be of the denomination of One Thousand Dollars each, and Fourteen of such bonds shall be of the denomination of Five Hundred Dollars each, and shall bear interest at the rate of Five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds shall be numbered from 1 to Forty-two consecutively, inclusive payable as follows:

Two bonds of the denomination of $1,000 each, and one bond of the denomination of $500.00 shall be due and payable each year for fourteen consecutive years commencing in the year 1930, and shall be so paid each year in consecutive numerical order until all of said forty-two bonds have been fully paid.

That Byron G. Newell will act as Inspector and Elizabeth Sullivan and Shirley Watson will act as Judges of said Election, and conduct the same, said Inspector and Judges being competent and qualified electors of said School District.

IN WITNESS THEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 15th day of April, 1929.

Hester Hall Schoeninger
Clara N. Kellogg
Frederick Bigland

Trustees of Sunset School District, Monterey County, California.

The Youngest Set

OFF WID DE GANG

"I am so glad," said one Carmel mother over the dinner table to her son, a high school boy of fifteen, "that you weren't a part of the group of boys Judge Fraser had to reprimand the other day for breaking the branches off the trees."

"Well that was just a matter of luck," said the son. "I wanted to go off with the gang that evening, you remember, but you wouldn't let me. They had great fun that night."

"But what was it all about?" inquired the mother, curling up with horror to think her boy a part of a gang that got into trouble with the police. "Why were they destroying the trees?"

"O, it was simple enough. We boys play Tarzan all the time." And the lad got up from the dinner table, climbed out of the dining room window, and began playing monkey. He climbed the tree-branches in ape-fashion, stopped to scratch himself, grasped and swung with the dramatic skill of an animal.

"So that's all it is when Carmel boys destroy the trees," whispered the mother. "Just playing movie. Then what's so sinister about gang life after all?"

frontispiece to poems from the ranges, from a woodcut by Ray Boynton

SPROUTING

Number three, volume one, of the Sunset Glow, published by the children of the Sunset School, is off the press this week, and a nice little paper it is; vigorously reflecting the very active life of the Sunset School, partly through news items and partly through the more personal and creative utterances of its young poets and artists.

Here is a youngster telling of

AN ENDLESS SEA

Not many miles away
There lies an endless sea
With bursting tides and tempest wild
It laughs at me.

—Estelle Mack, 7th Grade.

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imre weisshaus

composer-pianist of budapest will conduct a class in appreciation of contemporary music at the home of mrs. h. f. dickinson on carmel point, during the month of may

weisshaus will play works representing the outstanding contemporary tendencies and will lead open forum discussion directly following. compositions discussed at each meeting will be presented again at the opening of the next meeting.

weisshaus is opposed to the custom of lecturing, and in this way proposes to substitute first-hand experience of new music for the usual lecturer's opinion about it.

since discussion will be in terms of individual responses and questions. the class membership will be limited. for information consult: mrs. h. f. dickinson —— carmel 87-r mrs. lincoln steffens —— carmel 433

weisshaus uses and endorses the baldwin piano

ZENITH RADIO

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